

DARLING.

So oft, my friend, you speak of her, It bids my inner being stir. And who is darling, this I pray?— A sunny child, a bud of May, Whose laugh and shout and cherub face, At every time, in every place, Are of your heart its sweet employ— In this your darling, this your joy?



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CHAPTER XVI. FRIEND OR FOE.

I used to sup alone in my rooms, occasionally asking St. Armande to join me; and after supper we dined together for an hour or so, for very small parties. He was an infant at the game, and I taught him a good deal, so much so that after a little practice, for he was very quick with his wrist, he mastered my favorite throw, and one evening after returning from the vatican he knocked me up in my rooms, and flung on the table a bag of gold pieces.



He was an infant at the game.

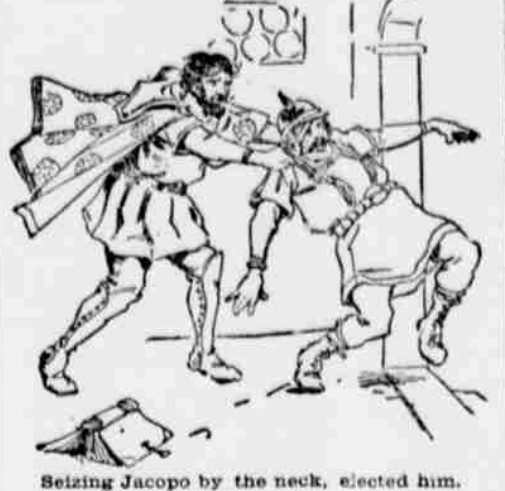
would waste your time here, as you appear to be doing. I understood you to say you had never seen a sword drawn in earnest as yet—and your mustache is grown! Take my advice. Play no more for gold pieces with Colonna or anyone else. Mount your horse, and join Tremouille at once.

though of course I did not appear to notice this last, as he was in a manner my guest. I therefore made reply: "My reasons for my action, chevalier, are good, and when the time comes I promise you I shall not be found sleeping." The gentle reproof in my words seemed to bring him back to his old self, for by the light of the candles I observed him flush scarlet, and that curious look which recalled a strange resemblance to some one I knew, but could not remember, came over his features.

Like lightning a suspicion of treachery came on me. The man had been pretending to drink. With what object? I could not make out. Was the offer of the money a blind? Perhaps so, and if then? I had been a fool to agree to his joining me, with that sour-looking abbe of his. Yes, I had been a fool, but it was lucky I discovered my own folly in time. I should keep my eyes on this silken diplomat, and if necessary pick a quarrel with him, and run him through. Somehow I did not like the idea of this, however; but determined to get rid of him in one way or the other.

The following afternoon I rode out with Bayard and half a dozen others. It was a hawking party, and there was a long gallop to our point of operation, which was to begin a little way beyond Ponte Molle. In a short time we started a noble heron, and Bayard flinging his peregrine into the air, rode after the birds. It was a glorious ride, and Castor and Pollux far outstripped the others, so much so that when we drew rein beside the stricken heron, and Bayard slipped the hood onto his hawk, our companions were not in sight.

tiring manners and apparent want of knowledge of the world, was nothing more nor less than an accomplished actor. Then again he was a Frenchman, and how came he, obviously fresh from France, to become an agent of the Medici plotters, for so I put him down to be? There were the letters from Mme. de la Tremouille, his introductions were unimpeachable, the cardinal believed in him—the whole thing was contradictory. Above all, there was my strong personal liking for St. Armande. In his presence I never felt that secret warning which all men feel when they are with an enemy.



Seizing Jacopo by the neck, elected him.

gaze, and looked towards the ground. We stood thus before each other for a little time before he replied, and his voice was almost inaudible. "Perhaps—I am not sure," he added, with an effort. I was standing, holding Castor's reins; but as he spoke I handed the horse over to a groom, and linking my arm in St. Armande's, said, loudly, and with a tone of affected gayety: "You missed a great ride, chevalier—come take a turn with me in the garden."

"If you do not reply," I said, "I will take the risk, and treat you as an enemy, do you hear? You lied to me when you said last night you had played at the vatican with Colonna—now draw." I pulled out my weapon, and stood before him, expecting every instant to see his rapier in his hands; but he stood absolutely still, his head hanging down.

"He never struck me as a man to run after the ladies," I said. "No," replied the abbe, "but it is the other way. You would stand no chance against him, cavalier, for all your long mustache—a thousand thanks," and the genial Le Clerc seized the flagon of Orvioto I passed to him, and filled his goblet. After this the conversation changed, and I shortly retired to my apartments and, dismissing my lackey, sat down to read a book on falceny that the cardinal had lent me. I had not been occupied thus for an hour when the door opened, and Jacopo cautiously peeped in. He withdrew his head on catching my eye, and I heard him shuffling outside.

"I am going on, excellency. Where was I—a risotto did I say? And bread made with yeast. And for drink, signore—" "I doubt not you had store of that, Jacopo." "But a dozen flagons or so of wine, your worship—all rosso." "Jacopo—you will be good enough to retire at once."

Settling the Boy's Career. An old Dutchman had a beautiful boy, of whom he was very proud, and he decided to find out the bent of his mind. He adopted a very novel method by which to test him. He slipped into the little fellow's room one morning and placed on his table a Bible, a bottle of whisky and a silver dollar.

Sweet Enough. Nobody can pay a prettier compliment than the Irishman when he chooses. His tongue and wit are never nimbler than when he employs them in the service of "blarney." A young professor from Dublin was entertained over night by an American professor at his summer home on the coast of Maine.

But Be Kept on Talking. Biggs—When it comes to absence of mind, that barber across the way scoops the pot. Diggs—Why, what has he been doing? "I went into his shop to get my hair cut this morning, and he pinned a newspaper around my neck and gave me a towel to read."—Chicago Evening News.

Courage. Courage and a good circulation are practically synonymous terms, and no man whose heart is not firmly kept under control can go down stairs in the dark to find a hidden burglar. In times of danger or of emergency, the strong-hearted individual, with a normal pulse rate of 72 beats to the minute, is unconscious of the drop of even 15 beats per minute, and calmly does his duty. But how fares the luckless man whose heart is irritable, or whose normal beat is 55? The loss of 15 beats means absolute prostration, whilst if his heart be easily excited it may be working 120 to the minute, without any power on his part to check it.

Death-Bed Humor. The following is told by the granddaughter of an old lady who lived in one of the southern states, and had been known throughout the neighborhood as one who had a keen sense of the ridiculous. After a long illness her final hour was supposed to have come, and her children and grandchildren gathered round for a last farewell, when suddenly she opened her eyes, and, on seeing the mournful expressions of those about her, remarked with all her old-time vigor: "The watched pot never boils."—Argonaut.

From Baby in the High Chair. To grandma in the rocker Grain-O is good for the whole family. It is the long-desired substitute for coffee. Never upsets the nerves or injures the digestion. Made from pure grains it is a food in itself. Has the taste and appearance of the best coffee at 1/4 the price. It is a genuine and scientific article and is come to stay. It makes for health and strength. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

The Crowning Slight. An Atehison has been henpecked during the greater part of his life by a wife and five daughters. Against his will he has been obliged to take little homeopathic pills when he would have preferred quinine, to attend the Episcopal church when he preferred the Baptist, and recently his women folks compelled him to be vaccinated by a woman doctor.—Atehison Globe.

81,000,000 in 13 Years! Read the story of the Million Dollar Potato, also of Rape, Bromus, Speltz, 3-eared Corn, etc., all great money makers for the farmer, in John A. Salzer Seed Co.'s, La Crosse, Wis., catalog. Send 10c. postage for same and 10 rare samples of farm seeds. Largest Vegetable Seed Growers in the United States. [8]

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. The proper size for a lazy individual is exercise.—Chicago Daily News.

Working Women are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham for free advice about their health. Mrs. Pinkham is a woman. If you have painful periods, backaches or any of the more serious ills of women, write to Mrs. Pinkham; she has helped multitudes. Your letter will be sacredly confidential.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is known wherever the English language is spoken. Nothing else can possibly be so sure to help suffering women. No other medicine has helped so many. Remember this when something else is suggested. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Her helping hand is always outstretched to suffering women.